

MONUMENT IS ERECTED TO THE DEAD HEROES OF THE WIRELESS

Memorial in New York in Honor of Men Who Died at Post of Duty in Hour of Danger—Men at the Key Meet Expense.

No recent monument in New York makes a stronger appeal to the imagination than the memorial erected in Battery Park in honor of the wireless telegraph operators who have died at the post of duty. The memorial bears the names of nine wireless men who have been lost within the last four years in American waters. The expense of erecting the monument has been met by contributions from wireless operators, says an article in the New York Sun.

The site of the memorial has been well chosen. It stands at the extreme southern end of Battery Park directly in front of the Barge Office, within a few feet of the sea wall, and may be seen from the vessels passing in or out of the harbor. It consists of a fountain, flanked on either side by a low seat, with a graceful column rising behind. A high screen of cedar trees with a low hedge will later be planted at the rear.

The group has been practically completed. All that remains to be done is to pave the ground about it and set the whole in relief against the cedar screen. The fountain will not be actually in use, however, until the dedication, which is planned for April 15, the third anniversary of the sinking of the Titanic. The memorial has commonly been called the Phillips Monument, since the name of the wireless hero of the Titanic heads the list on the face of the shaft. The inscription is very simply. It begins "In Memory of Wireless Operators Lost at Sea at Their Post of Duty," and then gives the names of the nine wireless men, the names of their ships, the date of their deaths and the general location of the wrecks.

Each of the wireless men thus honored displayed conspicuous bravery in remaining at his post in the hour of danger. With the exception of the cases of perhaps three of them the stories of the heroism shown by these wireless operators is not generally known.

The wireless man, like the captain, is almost always the last to abandon the ship. The men here honored would doubtless have been saved had they not followed the unwritten law of the sea. As the result of their sacrifice many lives were saved.

Deaths of Recent Date.

The deaths of the nine wireless heroes are all of surprisingly recent date. Four have occurred within a year. The first to die was Stephen S. Szpanck, who was lost on Car Ferry No. 18 on September 9, 1910, on Lake Michigan under very unusual conditions. The boat was carrying a long train filled with passengers between Ludington, Mich., and Milwaukee, a distance of a little more than 100 miles. The lake was without a ripple and the ferryboat had arrived within twenty-nine miles of the Wisconsin side when it struck a rock.

Szpanck had just informed Milwaukee by wireless that they were approaching port when the captain rushed into the wireless booth and directed him to send out the S O S call. The signal of danger was constantly picked up by several boats in the vicinity, including a sister ferryboat, No. 17.

The ferryboat had received a mortal blow and filled rapidly. The passengers in the comfortable railroad coaches could scarcely realize their danger. Never was a shipwreck announced under such peculiar circumstances. The officers rushed through the cars summoning all hands to report on decks. When the passengers stepped from the coaches they found the decks already awash.

Sends Call Over and Over.

Throughout the excitement Szpanck remained in the wireless booth sending out the call for help over and over again in the hope that some nearby ship might be found. Later it was recalled by many of the passengers that he passed through the train stopping at every seat to assure the passengers that help was being rushed to them. When he had done all in his power to assist the passengers and help them into the boats Szpanck returned to the wireless room.

The boats were lowered and sent away in good order. There remained on the ferryboat only four men, three officers and the Marconi man. The sister ship hurrying under forced draught arrived soon after. The life boats with all on board were safe, but the ferryboat with the four men who remained aboard had disappeared.

Faithful to End.

The wreck in which George Eccles lost his life on August 26, 1911, made a similar demand upon the courage of the wireless man. The ship, the Ohio, was on her regular trip between Washington and Valdez, Alaska, carrying 200 passengers. While passing a particularly bleak and lonely shore she struck a reef and sank in thirty minutes. It was known from the first that the ship would be lost, and frantic efforts were made to get the passengers into the life boats. Eccles stood by his wireless apparatus sending out the call for help, but with lit-

tle hope of success.

The call was picked up by the shore station at Ketchikan, Alaska, which in turn relayed the message along the coast. Although the Alaskan station was high up among the snow covered mountains and could not lend direct assistance, the passengers were encouraged by the news that they were in touch with the land. The half hour which was left to the Ohio was nearly past when the Alaskan station informed Eccles that it had picked up two vessels near by the Humboldt and the Robert City, which were then headed for the Ohio.

The sea ran high and the Ohio threatened to slip from the rocks into the sea at any moment. Eccles remained at his post, sending messages to the ships now approaching, giving them the exact position. Twenty minutes after the ship struck the rising water put out the fires, stopping the dynamo and silencing the wireless apparatus. Eccles left the wireless room only when the wireless had become absolutely useless and the decks were awash. The last of the 200 passengers had meanwhile been safely transferred to the lifeboats.

The first of the relief boats was already in sight. There remained on the Ohio only Eccles and four others. It was thought that all danger was now past, and the passengers were exulting over their escape when the Ohio suddenly lifted from the reef and sank, carrying with her the wireless man and his companions. The entire ship's company save these had been saved in the face of tremendous odds by the coolness and courage of the Marconi man who remained at his instrument to the last.

Philips of the Titanic.

The death of Jack Phillips on the Titanic on April 15, 1912, is of course familiar. Phillips remained at his post to the last and it was largely due to his coolness and skill that so many were saved.

On the night of the disaster Phillips was tired out after a long vigil in the wireless room. The machinery had broken down in part during the preceding day and Phillips had worked uninterruptedly for seven hours to repair it. Had Phillips neglected the work or had his skill been unequal to making the repairs the fate of the Titanic might have been one of the mysteries of the sea.

Phillips's watch ended ordinarily at midnight. Early in the evening the assistant operator, Harold Bride, was awakened by hearing the instrument sending to Cape Race, and remembering that Phillips was tired he rose and insisted on relieving him. Phillips was receiving with Bride standing beside him when the ship hit the iceberg. A few moments later the captain came to the door and explained that the Titanic had struck and iceberg and suggested that Phillips prepare to send out a wireless call for assistance. No one yet realized the danger.

Ten minutes later the captain returned and directed Phillips to send out the S O S call. The wireless apparatus worked perfectly. Several ships were picked up, including the Carpathia. Phillips continued at the key, sending with a steady hand. It was shortly after this that the operator at Cape Race was terrified to note that the Titanic's messages were growing blurred and gradually weaker.

The confusion on deck meanwhile was rapidly increasing. The ship had sunk perceptibly at the head and already the decks were awash when the captain returned and ordered the wireless men to abandon ship. For fully ten minutes more Phillips held on, sending out the call for help.

When Phillips finally left his instrument the last of the lifeboats had gone. It is believed that he remained on board until the final plunge. He was later rescued from the icy waters by one of the crowded life rafts. Throughout the night the water continually washed over him and when with the dawn the Carpathia arrived it was found that he had died during the night from exposure.

Stood By His Key.

Lawrence A. Prudhont, who lost his life on the Rosecrans, was the youngest of the wireless heroes, being scarcely 18 years of age. The wreck occurred on the Pacific on January 7, 1913. Six of the nine deaths commemorated by the fountain occurred on the Pacific Ocean and all in northern latitudes. The Rosecrans carried no passengers and of the thirty-six forming the crew only three were saved. Prudhont was new to the service and had sailed on this particular voyage as an accommodation to the ship's company.

The Rosecrans was sunk after striking a rock. While the crew were busy with the boats Prudhont remained in the wireless booth sending out the call for help until the end. Had he left the instrument he would have had a chance in the boats, but he stood by the key until the ship liter-

ally broke to pieces beneath him. When the rescuers sought him they found that he had been pinned under the wreckage of the wireless house and washed overboard. A monument has already been erected at Venice, Cal., to the memory of Prudhont.

Donald Campbell Perkins.

It was in the wreck of the State of California that Donald Campbell Perkins perished. The ship struck a reef on the Alaskan coast and sank within three minutes.

Perkins was asleep when the crash came. He rushed into the wireless room in his pajamas. With every one else struggling for the boats his first thought was to reach his instrument. The inrush of water had put the main wireless instrument out of commission. Perkins coolly adjusted the auxiliary wireless set and began sending. The call was answered by the steamship Jefferson, which chanced to be near by.

Excellent use was made by the crew of the few moments left them for getting the boats overboard and only thirty-two of those on board were lost. Perkins meanwhile continued to communicate with the Jefferson, giving his ship's exact position and other information when he must have known that every minute's delay lessened his chance of escape.

As the ship began to go down a lifeboat near the wireless room was washed against the door and jammed so tightly that his escape was cut off. Perkins nevertheless continued to operate the wireless instrument and a moment later went down with his ship.

Ferdinand J. Kuehn.

One of the most recent of these sea tragedies occurred with the sinking of the Monroe on January 30, 1914. The wireless operator, Ferdinand J. Kuehn, was a New York boy, only 20 years of age, and a graduate of the Bronx High School.

The Monroe, which plied between New York and Norfolk, sank within twelve minutes after a collision off the Virginia coast. It was obvious that the ship had received a fatal blow and could remain afloat but a few minutes, but the Marconi operator nevertheless remained at his post.

The crew succeeded in getting three boats away. The order to save the women and children first was rigidly obeyed. Kuehn's assistant brought a life preserver to the wireless room and helped Kuehn to adjust it, while the operation, without interruption, sent out the S O S again and again. He was induced to go on deck only at the last moment, when it was known that the ship was sinking.

As he stood on the deck Kuehn noticed that one of the women passengers had no life preserver. He unfastened his own and insisted on the woman's accepting it. He had time to assist her to adjust it and helped into a boat.

A few moments later the survivors in the boats saw him slip on the tilting deck and fall into the water. He was not again seen. Kuehn was one of the last to attempt to escape, and even then sacrificed his life in giving away his cork belt.

Walter E. Reker was the wireless man on the steamship Sampson, which sank after a collision with the Princess Victoria off Seattle, Wash., April 25, 1914. The Sampson was feeling her way along the coast in a dense fog when the crash occurred. A twelve foot hole was stove in her brow. To add to the horror of the situation the oil cargo she carried was ignited and the flames quickly spread throughout the ship.

It is a proof of the bravery and efficiency of the crew that all but two of the fifty-four passengers were saved. Reker might readily have saved himself by taking to the boats with the passengers and the greater part of the crew. He remained at the wireless key, however, giving directions to the rescuing ship which proved invaluable.

Later the Princess Victoria explained by wireless that she was sending for assistance and there was no need for the Sampson's wireless man to operate his instrument longer. Even then Reker did not abandon the ship, but devoted himself to assisting the passengers to adjust their life belts and reach the boats. He ignored repeated appeals from the boats to save himself. When the last boat had left safely Reker reported to the bridge and remained to share the fate of the captain. It proved to be too late for them to leave the ship and eight of the men, including the wireless operator, went down with the ship.

Two wireless men, Clifton J. Fleming and Harry Frederick Otto, were lost in the wreck of the Francis H. Leggett off the Oregon coast on September 19, 1914. The steamer, which carried a large passenger list, was bound from Portland to San Francisco. She had been laboring in heavy seas and was greatly weakened by the pounding of the waves when the cargo suddenly shifted, giving her a permanent list. The seas broke over her and a hatch was wrenched open through which the water poured in great volume. Several boats were launched, but foundered as soon as they struck the water.

The wireless men remained at the instrument until it was disabled. With the seas passing completely over the wireless both they succeeded, however, in communicating with a nearby ship and gave the necessary directions for reaching them. Fleming would

probably have been saved but for his heroism in giving his chance of life to one of the women passengers.

He was floating at some distance from the ship holding on to a piece of wreckage when he saw a woman struggling in the water without support. The spar he was clinging to was not large enough to support two. Fleming deliberately gave up his place to the woman and was not again seen.

Life of Indians Is Illustrated

(Continued from Page One.)

they wanted to work up; in stream beds, in hillsides or in large masses, and they knew how to flake and finish the various kinds, since each stone had, so to speak, a humor of its own and it had to be humored.

The objects in these Indian cases tell the stories about themselves. Here is an oval and tolerably flat boulder, water worn during long years in Crabtree creek, let us say, which the flaker had given the first treatment. It is to be an axe or a hoe. The axes in real use ran in weight between 3 and 4 pounds, but there are some weighing as much as 30 pounds used of course only in ceremonials, to which all the Indian tribes were invited. Here is an axe after the flake marks have been flaked off by another artist and here an axe which has passed through the hands of the grinder or polisher and it is inimitable bit of work, a high credit to the red-skinned aborigine who gave it the masterful finishing touch. No foreign stone worker of this day and generation could begin to equal it with all his modern tools!

Leaf-shaped blades are shown, and for these spear heads and knives and daggers were fashioned. These were given the final touch with a piece of hard stone or of deer's horn. Black flint, grey flint, mottled flint, rose-colored flint points are on view and in some cases the very stones from which these were taken. Transparent quartz, or crystal, snowy quartz, and two score other stones are shown or made into points, war arrows with deeply serrated or notched edges being among them, so made to cause the worst sort of wound.

Axes, large and small, hatchets, generally called tomahawks; celts, which were used as axes also; hoes, diggers, polishers, scalping-knives, skinning knives and various other implements are on view.

Then there are ceremonial stones, all the way from the large flat soapstone, with a perforation so it could be suspended at the chief's house, to the sun and moon stones and the banner stones and the butterfly stones. The red men thought the butterfly a messenger from the gods and so they made stones which imitated that insect in shape. These had handles and they were borne in procession.

Of games the Indians had many. There are balls of stones they used in a game in which it was rolled into holes in the ground. Discoidal stones were pitched or rolled, and there was a game in which hemispheres were used, some of these in the collection being of black and brown hematite, in other words of iron ore, and of wonderful polish, while were of white quartz.

The Indians northeast of Raleigh raised tobacco and smoked it, too, and they called it upwoc. So pipes were in great request and just as the enthusiastic smoker of this day is proud of his meerschaum the Indian of the long ago was equally proud of his pipe. All sorts of pipes are shown, made of soapstone or clay. There is a rough shape for a pipe just as the quarryman got it out and gave it the rude outline and there are pipes which certainly were the work of great artists, one was drawn out of the bed of Neuse river at the Falls of Neuse, 14 miles north of Raleigh, in a shad seine. It is beautifully shaped and is ornamented with pleasing designs cut in. Another pipe has the design of a frog. Among the pipes of clay are some which could be used today. These have stems of reed or wood. The soapstone pipe, referred to are in two cases all in one piece with their stems, and hence extremely difficult to make.

Soapstone and clay pottery for cooking or for use as holder are shown. Clay objects show the Indian humor. One has the body of an excessively fat man, with a face half human and grotesque in the extreme. There is a comic face, in stone, worn as a charm or amulet at the neck. A bird stone is one of the kind carried women (in other words squaws) wore on their heads in front over the forehead. Objects of metal were the greatest treasures in all the world to these peoples who knew only stone. The early explorers tell of finding copper ornaments, including large sheets of that metal beaten out, among the North Carolina Indians, but none of these are in this collection. There are rude silver ornaments of Spanish made from mounds in Cherokee county, but these were given to the chiefs by the Spanish explorers who early in 1500 were in the North Carolina mountain region near the Tennessee and Georgia lines, looking for diamonds, gold and silver, but most of all for the much desired Fountain of Perpetual Youth, that dream of all the ages.